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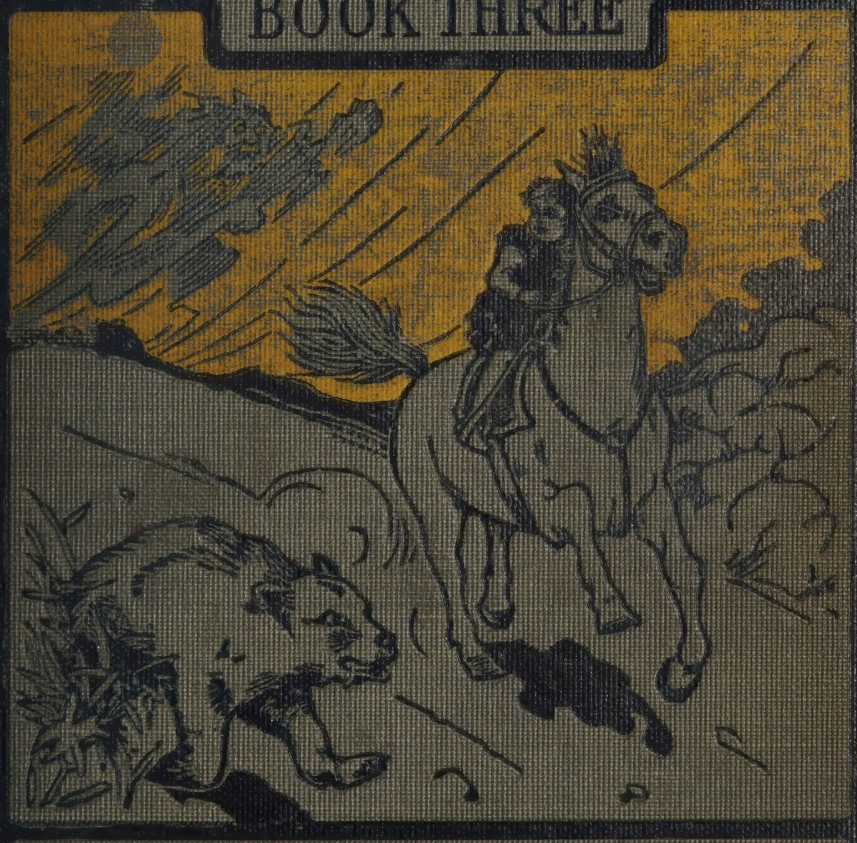

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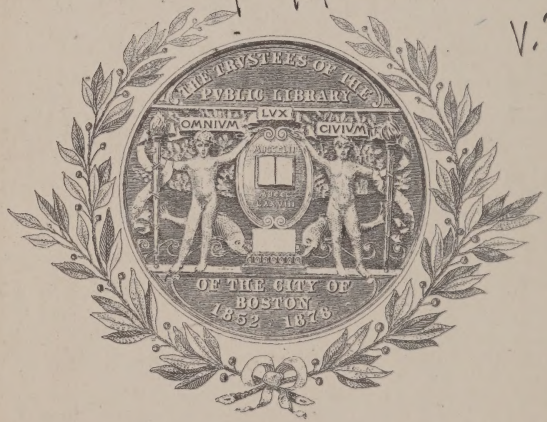

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THE PROGRESSIVE ROAD TO READING

Introductory Book Three

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INTRODUCTORY BOOK THREE. 176 pages. 42 cents.

BOOK THREE. 192 pages. 45 cents.

INTRODUCTORY BOOK FOUR. 240 pages. 48 cents.

BOOK FOUR. 288 pages. 50 cents.

BOOK FIVE. 320 pages. 55 cents.

PLAN OF WORK. 108 pages. 25 cents.

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INTRODUCTION

SUSTAINED interest in the content of a story certainly does much to support and to intensify the child's struggle to acquire an easy mastery over phonetic symbols. Yet the re-reading of pages once read has far less value than many over-anxious teachers attribute to it.

The demand for additional reading material for the second-year grades has its foundation therefore in actual conditions which the authors are glad to recognize and to meet with Introductory Book Three. This book has been prepared with the view of inspiring the child with renewed desire to read, and of furnishing a strong tide of interest on which a teacher may float any amount of instruction in phonetics.

A careful study of the Plan of Work which accompanies The Progressive Road to Reading will reveal how power over printed language is most easily acquired. The learner must in the first place be animated into a kind of self-activity which points to something worth

his while. For him it is the following of the thread of a story which grips attention. But the teacher must appreciate the fact that constant phonetic training is also necessary for future higher attainment. Nothing short of systematic, persistent and efficient planning, adapted both to the subject and to the stage of the pupil's growth, will give her the joy of leading children to work out their own phonetic salvation.

The authors desire to express their grateful acknowledgments to Miss Rey M. Shissler, teacher in Public School 110, Manhattan, for her valuable assistance in the preparation of this book.

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THE WOLF, THE FOX AND THE HORSE

"Good morning, Mr. Wolf," said the Fox one day.

"Good morning, Mr. Fox."

"Have you heard the news, Mr. Wolf?"

"What news, Friend Fox?"

"A new animal has come to the woods, Mr. Wolf."

"Indeed, Friend Fox, tell me about this new animal."

"He is tall and wears a long mane.

His coat is brown and smooth and silky. When he talks, he says, *Ya-a-a-ho, Ya-a-a-ho.*"

"You mean he neighs, Mr. Fox."

"Yes, he neighs."

"Oh, you are talking about a mule, Friend Fox."

"Indeed I am not. I know a mule when I see one. This animal has shorter ears. He is much more handsome than the mule."

"Do you think he would be good to eat?" replied the Fox. "It is near dinner time. I should like to get him now and make a good meal. Wouldn't you, Mr. Wolf?"

"Yes, indeed. Can you think of a plan to get him?"

"I have a very good plan. We will pretend we wish him to be our friend. We will go up to him and say,

We like the way you snort and neigh,
So come with us to-day and play;
But first your name we would inquire,
O handsome one that we admire."

"That is fine, Mr. Fox. Then we will take him to the field for dinner. Is that the idea?"

"That is the idea, exactly. Now let us hurry. I am very hungry."

"Does he live far away?" asked the Wolf.

"No," said the Fox, "he lives beyond the hedge."

"Ah, I see him now rolling in the grass. I can hear him say *Ya-a-a-ho, Ya-a-a-ho.* He looks nice and tender," said the hungry Wolf.

"Here we are at last," said the Fox. "Now, Mr. Wolf, you have such a sweet voice and such fine manners, suppose you speak to the animal. I will wait for you here behind the hedge."

So Mr. Wolf walked up to the strange animal.

The animal snorted *Ya-a-a-ho, Ya-a-a-ho.*

MR. WOLF WALKED UP TO THE STRANGE ANIMAL

The wolf then bowed politely to him and said,

"I like the way you snort and neigh,
So come with me to-day and play;
But first your name I would inquire,
O handsome one that I admire."

Then the strange animal threw back his mane and said,

"Come nearer, Friend, and you will see
Upon my hoof the name for me."

Of course, the Wolf bent down to look. At that moment the animal struck the Wolf on the jaw, throwing him high in the air. He fell howling in the grass.

The strange animal ran into the woods. There he saw the Fox waiting behind the hedge.

"O-ho," said the Fox to himself. "I suppose the Wolf lost his way over the hedge. Now I shall have to talk to this animal myself."

Mr. Fox walked up and said politely,

"I like the way you snort and neigh,
So come with me to-day and play;
But first your name I would inquire,
O handsome one that I admire."

Again the animal replied, as he had

answered the Wolf,

"Come nearer, Friend, and you will see
Upon my hoof the name for me."

The cunning Fox moved only one step nearer.

Then the animal said,

"Come nearer yet. Of course, of course
I'll tell my name — a Horse, a Horse."

With that Mr. Horse jumped at the Fox and knocked him over the hedge. The Fox fell howling in the grass.

That day Mr. Fox and Mr. Wolf had no dinner.

JACK AND THE OLD MAN

Long ago there was a boy named Jack, who was hired by a farmer to carry water and to chop wood.

Now the farmer was very fond of Jack, because Jack was merry and was kind to all the animals. But the farmer's wife did not like the boy. She gave him very little to eat and made him sleep on a hard bed.

One day she said to the farmer, "I won't have that boy around the house another day. Send him to the fields to

take care of the sheep and the cows."

So the next morning Jack started off with his dog, to tend the sheep. He carried his dinner in a bag It was a beautiful day, and Jack sang all the way, just because he was so happy.

When dinner time came, he opened his bag. The farmer's wife had given him only some crusts and some dry cheese. As Jack sat eating this scanty dinner, an old man came along.

When he saw the lad, he stopped

and said, "Will you share your dinner with me? I have traveled far and am tired and hungry."

"It is not much," said Jack, "but you are very welcome to it." So saying, he gave the old man the rest of his dinner, and even fetched some water from the brook for him to drink.

When the old man had finished the last crust, he said, "I cannot pay you for the dinner, but I will give you two wishes. Choose what they shall be."

Jack thought for a while and then said, "I should like a bow and some arrows to shoot the wolves, when they come from the hills to steal the sheep."

"You shall have them," said the old man. And he drew a bow from his

pocket. "See," said he, "you have but to draw the bow and it will hit the mark."

Jack took the bow and the arrows, and laughed aloud for very joy.

"Now," said he, "if I had a pipe to play some merry tunes, I should be glad."

Again the old man put his hand in his pocket.

"Here is the pipe," said he; "whenever you play upon it, all who hear must dance." As he said this the old man vanished.

When the moon rose, Jack wended his way homeward, very much pleased with his pipe and his bow. As he went he played, and the sheep and the cows

"HERE IS THE PIPE," SAID HE

danced along behind him. The dog danced in front. When he reached the farmer's home, he housed the sheep and the cows and then went to supper.

"Where did you get that pipe, Jack?" asked the farmer.

"An old man whom I met on the hillside gave it to me," answered Jack.

"Can you play on it?"

"I can," said Jack.

"Then play us a tune," said the

farmer. "It has been a long time since I have heard any music."

So Jack began to play. At the first note, the farmer and his wife, and the serving man and the serving maid, and the cat and the dog, began to jump and to dance. Round and round the room they went. When Jack passed into the street, they followed him.

At last the farmer cried, "Enough, Jack, enough. I have no breath left." So Jack stopped playing.

Now the farmer's wife was angry, because she had been made to dance.

"I will have you up before the Judge," she cried. "Who are you to make us skip and dance for every one to laugh at? You are a wizard."

So the next day they took Jack before the Judge, and told their tale.

The Judge looked at Jack and at his pipe. "Play for me," said he. "I want to hear this wonderful music."

At these words, Jack put the pipe to his mouth. At the first sound, every one in the room began to dance. Over the desk and the chairs they went

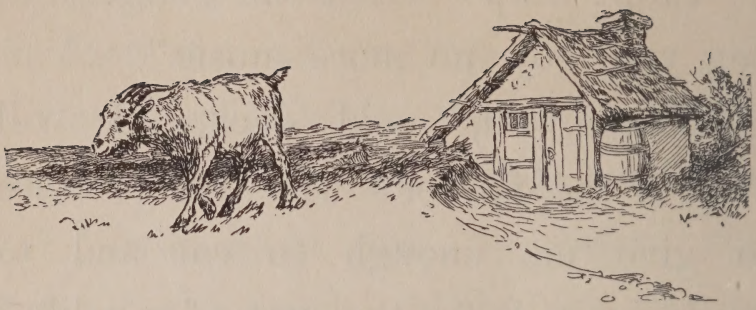
till they could dance no more.

"Stop! Stop!" cried the Judge. "I beg you, boy, no more music."

"Very well," said Jack, "I will stop, if the farmer's wife will promise to give me enough to eat and to treat me well for the rest of my life."

So the farmer's wife had to promise, then and there, before the Judge, to treat Jack well as long as he stayed with her, and to help him if he ever got into trouble.

Then they all went home, and lived happy ever after.



GRANDMOTHER GOAT AND GRANDMOTHER FOX

Once upon a time there was a Grandmother Goat, who lived in a little bit of a house. It was a very pretty little house. There was a tiny parlor with tiny chairs and tables, and a tiny kitchen with tiny cups and saucers.

Now there was a Grandmother Fox, who lived in a hole in the ground, not far from Grandmother Goat's house.

One day Grandmother Fox said to herself, "I will go and see Grandmother Goat."

So she went over to the house, knocked at the door, went into the tiny parlor, and sat down on one of the tiny chairs, to wait for Grandmother Goat.

"This is a very nice little house," said Grandmother Fox to herself. "I'll lock the door and keep it all for myself."

So she locked the door.

By and by Grandmother Goat came

home and tried to open the door.

"Who is in my house?" she called.

"I am in your house," said Grandmother Fox. "I mean to stay here. You may go and live in my house under the tree."

So poor Grandmother Goat went away. She sat down by the roadside and cried.

By and by a little Dog came up to her. He was bow-wow-wowing. "What is the matter, Grandmother Goat?" he asked.

"Alas!" said Grandmother Goat, "Grandmother Fox has stolen my house."

"Do not cry about that," said the little Dog. "I will make her give

GRANDMOTHER GOAT BY THE ROADSIDE

you back your house."

Away went the little Dog to the little bit of a house. He knocked at the door, and called out, "Grandmother Fox, give the house back to Grandmother Goat."

But the Fox said, "I am Grandmother Fox. I have a sharp sword at my side, and I will bite you with my sharp teeth."

When the little Dog heard this, he ran away as fast as he could, because he was afraid.

Grandmother Goat still sat by the roadside and cried.

By and by a Cow came up. She was moo-moo-mooing. "What are you crying for, Grandmother Goat?" she asked.

"Alas!" said Grandmother Goat, "Grandmother Fox has stolen my house."

"Do not cry about that," said the Cow. "I will make her give you back your house."

Away went the Cow to the little bit of a house. She knocked at the door, and called out, "Grandmother Fox, give the house back to Grandmother Goat."

But the Fox said, "I am Grand-

mother Fox. I have a sharp sword at my side, and I will bite you with my sharp teeth. Go away. I will not give up this little house."

When the Cow heard this, she was very much afraid, and ran away as fast as she could.

Grandmother Goat still sat by the roadside and cried.

By and by a Sheep came up. She was baa-baa-baaing. "What are you crying about, Grandmother Goat?" she asked.

"Alas!" said Grandmother Goat, "Grandmother Fox has stolen my house."

"Do not cry about that," said the Sheep. "I will make her give you back your house."

So away went the Sheep to the little bit of a house. She knocked at the door, and called out, "Grandmother Fox, give the house back to Grandmother Goat."

But the Fox said, "I am Grandmother Fox. I have a sharp sword at my side, and I will bite you with my

sharp teeth. Go away. I will not give up the house."

When the Sheep heard this, she was very much afraid, and ran away as fast as she could go.

Grandmother Goat still sat by the roadside and cried.

By and by a tiny black Mouse came up to her. He was squeak-squeak-squeaking. "Grandmother Goat, what are you crying about?" he asked.

"Alas!" said Grandmother Goat,

"Grandmother Fox has stolen my house."

"Do not cry about that," said the Mouse. "I will make her give you back your house."

So away went the tiny black Mouse to the little bit of a house. He knocked at the door, and called out, "Grandmother Fox, give the house back to Grandmother Goat."

But the Fox said, "I am Grandmother Fox. I have a sharp sword at my side, and I will bite you with my sharp teeth. Go away. I will not give back the little house."

Then the tiny black Mouse called through the keyhole, "I am Grandfather Mouse. I have a big, big

gun, and a long, long stick. With my stick I will beat you. With my gun I will shoot you. So give back the little house to Grandmother Goat."

When Grandmother Fox heard that, she climbed up the chimney, jumped off the roof, ran away to the mountains, and nobody ever saw her again.

As for Grandmother Goat, she lived all the rest of her life in the little bit of a house; and she never forgot to give Grandfather Mouse his supper of cake or cheese.

THE WICKED OLD PIXIE

Long, long ago there were two little brothers, named Tim and Tom.

One day they went down to the river. Their mamma had told them never to trail their toes in the water.

But this day they took off their shoes and stockings and had a lovely time paddling.

Now there was a wicked old Pixie, who lived in a sea-green castle at the bottom of the river.

When she saw the little white feet paddling about in the water, she shook her wicked old head, and laughed a wicked laugh.

Then she took hold of the little white toes, and pulled Tim and Tom down to her sea-green castle at the bottom of the river. "What a nice supper I shall have!" she said.

It was a splendid castle, with chairs and tables all made of pink shells and carpets of seaweed. Tim and Tom were so busy looking at the beautiful things, that they forgot to be afraid.

But the Pixie didn't give them much time to look about. She gave them each a net and said, "Stand in this window and catch every fish that

goes by, or I'll chop off your heads."

Away went the Pixie, licking her wicked old lips and flopping her wicked old tail. She couldn't help thinking what a fine supper Tim and Tom would make when their heads were chopped off.

Tim and Tom stood there for a long time, swishing the nets about, but never a fish could they catch.

At last a great big Fish came sailing along. "What are you doing?" said he.

"Trying to catch fish," said they. "Please let us catch you, or the Pixie will chop off our heads."

Now the Fish was a jolly old fellow, and he thought it would be great

fun to play a trick on the Pixie.

"Jump on my back," he said, "and I'll take you home. Be quick!"

Tim jumped and then Tom jumped! Off the three started; and before they knew it they were at home.

So the wicked old Pixie never chopped off their heads; and they never, never, never trailed their toes in the water again.

LITTLE HALF-CHICK AND THE BAG OF GOLD

Once there was a Half-Chick. He lived in a barnyard.

His mistress came to him one day and said, "I have no money to buy corn for you. You must find your own dinner to-day, Little Half-Chick."

"How can I find my own dinner?" said poor Little Half-Chick to himself, as he hopped away to the field.

When he got to the field, he scratched and scratched, but the birds had eaten all the seeds long ago.

When supper time came, Little Half-Chick was very hungry indeed.

The next day he went again to the field, and scratched and scratched with

his one foot. He did not find many seeds, but at last he turned up a large silver penny.

"Good," said Little Half-Chick to himself. "My mistress is very poor. I will take this silver penny to her."

For a few days he had corn enough to eat. Not long after that, Little Half-Chick scratched up two silver pennies. He took them home to his mistress.

Then off he started to scratch again. This time he found a bag of gold.

Little Half-Chick was very happy.

"Now," said he, "my mistress will never be poor again."

As he started to hop to find her, the King's carriage came along.

"O King," said the driver, "look at that Half-Chick! He has a bag of gold."

The King stopped his carriage, took the bag of gold, jumped back into his carriage, and away he went.

Poor Little Half-Chick cried and hopped away to his mistress, saying, "The King is a robber. He took away my bag of gold."

"Never mind, my poor Little Half-Chick," said the old woman. "Perhaps some day you will find another bag of gold."

"I cannot wait for that," said Little Half-Chick. "I want my bag of gold. I will go to the palace of the King and ask him for it."

"But it is a long way and you have no money," said the old woman.

"I have two pennies," said Little Half-Chick. "That is enough."

So she gave him his two pennies and watched him hop down the road.

HALF-CHICK AND THE FOX

Half-Chick hopped all day, and at night he slept in a hollow tree.

A Fox saw him and said, "Little Half-Chick, I am going to eat you."

"Do not eat me, Master Fox," said Half-Chick. "You have never seen the palace of the King. Come with me. I will show it to you."

"But I have no money," said the Fox.

"No matter," said Half-Chick. "I have two pennies. I will pay for you. Get under my wing."

So the Fox made himself very small, and hid under Half-Chick's wing. The next morning they went on. In the woods they met a Wolf.

"Little Half-Chick, I am going to eat you," said the Wolf.

"Do not eat me, Master Wolf," said Half-Chick. "You have never seen the palace of the King. Come with me and I will show it to you."

"Very well," said the Wolf, "but I have no money."

"No matter," said Half-Chick. "I have two pennies. I will pay for you. Get under my wing."

So the Wolf made himself very small, and hid under Half-Chick's wing. Then they went along.

At last they met a River. There was no bridge, so Half-Chick did not know how to cross to the other side.

Then he went close to the water and asked, "Mother River, have you ever been to the King's palace?"

"No," said the River.

"Well, if you like, I will take you there. Hide under my wing," said Little Half-Chick. So Mother River twisted herself up very small indeed, and hid under Half-Chick's wing

Then Half-Chick hopped across the dry bed of the river to the other side, and soon he was at the King's palace.

But the soldier at the gate would not let him in.

"I want to see the King," said

Half-Chick, looking very stern.

"What do you want to see him for?" asked the soldier.

"The King has stolen my bag of gold," said Half-Chick. "I want to ask him to give it back."

But the soldier only laughed and said, "See this Half-Chick making believe that the King has stolen his bag of gold!"

Then the soldier went to the King and told him about Half-Chick.

"O King," said the soldier, "there

is a Half-Chick at the door, who says you stole his bag of gold!"

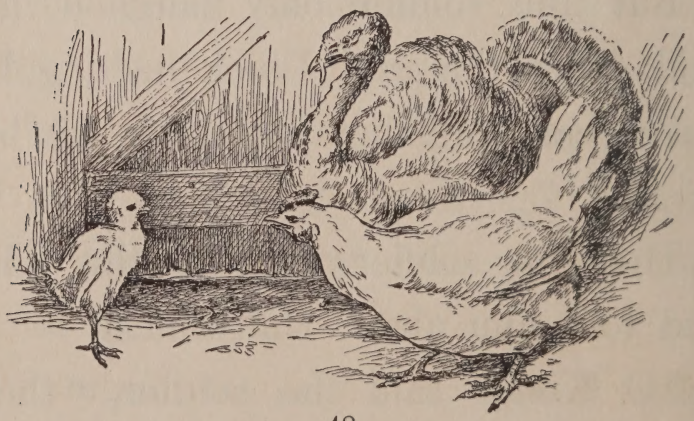
"Bring him to me," said the King.

Half-Chick hopped up to the King.

"O King," said he, "give me back the bag of gold that you stole from me!"

But the King only laughed at him. "Put that Half-Chick into the barn," he said.

So they picked up poor Half-Chick,



and put him into the barn with the Turkeys and the Chickens.

"Look at him!" said the Turkeys. "He is only half a chicken."

"How funny he is!" said the Chickens. "He has only one leg."

Then they flew at him, and tried to scratch him.

"O Master Fox," whispered Half-Chick, "come out from under my wing and help me!"

So the Fox came out. When the Turkeys and the Chickens saw him, they let Half-Chick alone.

At night the fifty horses of the King came home from the fields.

"They will run over me," thought Half-Chick. "I am so little that they

will not see me in the darkness."

Then he thought of the Wolf hidden under his wing. "Good Master Wolf," he whispered, "come out from under my wing and help me."

The Wolf came out and stood in front of Half-Chick. When the horses saw him, they stopped and turned aside; so Little Half-Chick was safe.

The next day Half-Chick whispered to the River, "Mother River, come out from under my wing, and go to the

King. Make him give me back my bag of gold."

"Very well," said the River.

So Mother River came out from her hiding place and ran up to the King's palace. She put out the fire in the kitchen stove. She ran upstairs into the King's room. She even ran up to the King's throne, and roared at him, "Give back the Half-Chick's bag of gold, or I'll drown you."

The King was frightened. "Half-Chick! Half-Chick!" he shouted. "Call Mother River back to your wing again, and I will give you back your bag of gold."

"Mother River," said Half-Chick, "come back to my wing."

The River did so, and the King gave back the bag of gold. Then Half-Chick started to go home.

He hopped along till he had passed over the river bed. Then he said, "Thank you, Mother River. Come out now and go back to your bed."

When he came to the woods, he said, "Thank you, Master Wolf. Come out now and go back to your home."

At the hollow tree where he had slept the first night, he called out the Fox.

Then Half-Chick hopped on alone, over hills and hollows, till he came to his own barnyard.

His mistress was very glad to see him. He gave her the bag of gold, and they were never hungry again.

LAZY JOHN

Once upon a time there was a little boy, named John. He was a very lazy boy. He never got up early in the morning. He never went early to school. He never did anything on time, unless it was to eat whenever he had the chance. He was almost too lazy to play.

One night John had a dream. He had often dreamed about bears and fairies and candies; but this dream was different. This is what he dreamed.

"Dear me! I must make haste," said a cheery little voice. "Winter is coming, and I haven't nearly enough nuts yet."

Lazy John looked up and saw a pretty little squirrel, just coming out of a hole in a tree.

"Good morning, Mr. Squirrel," said John. "Won't you come and play with me?"

"Play!" said the Squirrel. "I should say not. I haven't any time to play. I must get ready for the winter. This is my busy time. I like to play when I have time, but now I have to work. So run away, little boy. Run away."

John was very sorry, for he would

have liked to play with the little squirrel; but just then he heard another voice close by the bank of the river.

"Goodness me!" said the voice. "This log of wood is tough."

John looked around and saw a beaver. He knew it was a beaver, for he had often seen pictures of them.

"Good morning, Mr. Beaver," said he.

"Good morning, little boy," said the Beaver, hurriedly. "You'll excuse me, but I haven't time to talk. You know

I can't work and talk, too." And he kept on gnawing at his log.

"What are you doing, Mr. Beaver?" asked John.

"I'm making my house," said the Beaver.

"Dear me!" said John. "That must be very hard work."

"Of course it is very hard work," said the Beaver, "but how can I expect any one else to make my house for me?"

"Won't you come and play with me a little while?" asked John.

But the Beaver only stopped long enough to say, "Run away, little boy! This is my time to work."

So John turned away very much

ashamed at the Beaver's rebuke.

"Good! Good! There is a nice fat one!" said a little voice almost at his ear.

John looked around. It seemed to be early morning, and he wondered how he happened to be up at that time. Never before had he been out of bed so early.

"Good! Good!" said the voice again; and John saw a robin pounce on a fat worm. In spite of its wriggling, the robin carried it in his beak to his nest in the cherry tree.

"Good morning, Mr. Robin," said

John. "Aren't you out very early this morning?"

"I'm out early every morning," said the Robin. "What would my little children do if I didn't get up and find their breakfast?"

"Won't you stop a little while and play with me?" asked John.

"Indeed, I won't," answered the Robin. "I have no time to play now."

"Everybody seems to be so very busy," thought John.

"Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! How dare he come here!" buzzed a thousand voices.

John looked all around. He saw

nothing but bees everywhere.

"Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! This boy expects to eat honey and he does no work."

Before John could say "Good morning," the bees swarmed all around him, picked him up, carried him up in the air, and then let him drop.

John tried to cry out, and suddenly he awoke. He jumped out of bed, and you may be sure he never wanted to be lazy any more.

THE BABY'S WALK

On a bright and beautiful summer day,
Mr. Baby thought best to go walking away.
His little white sack was well buttoned in,
And his shady hat was tied under his chin.

One hand was tight clasped in his nurse's own.
The other held fast a little white stone.
There hung by his side his new tin sword;
And thus he began his walks abroad.

He walked and he walked, and by and by
He came to the pen where the piggywigs lie.

They nestled about in the straw in front;
And every piggy said, "Grunt, grunt, grunt."

So he walked and he walked; and what do you think?
He came to the trough where the horse was at drink.
He cried, "Go along! Get up, old Spot!"
And the horse ran away with a trot, trot, trot.

So he walked and he walked, and he came at last
To the yard where the sheep were folded fast.
He cried through the crack of the fence, "Hurrah!"
And all the old sheep said, "Baa, baa, baa."

So he walked and he walked till he came to the pond,
Of which all the ducks and the ducklings are fond.

He saw them swim forward and saw them
swim back;
And all the ducks said was, "Quack, quack,
quack!"

And he walked and he walked, and it came to
pass,
That he reached the field where the cows eat
grass.
He said with a bow, "Pray how do you do?"
And the cows all answered, "Moo, moo, moo!"

So he walked and he walked to the snug little
house,
Where Towser was sleeping as still as a mouse.
Then the baby cried out, "Hello, old Tow!"

And the dog waked up with, "Bow, wow, wow!"

And he walked and he walked, till he came once more,
To the sunshiny porch and the open door.
And mamma looked out with a smile and said,
"It's time for my baby to go to bed."

So he drank his milk and he ate his bread;
And he walked and he walked to his little bed.
And with sword at his side and the stone in his hand,
He walked and walked to the Sleepy Land.

— Olive A. Wadsworth

THE BULL, THE JACKALS AND THE LION

A long time ago, in a city called Golden-town, there lived a wealthy merchant. One day he decided to try his fortune in a larger city.

So he loaded a cart with goods of all kinds, yoked two bulls to it and started off.

When they were in the midst of a great forest, one of the bulls stumbled and fell; he had broken a leg.

There was nothing to do but to leave him there. So his master unyoked him and then went slowly away. The injured bull watched him depart, and then stood there mournfully, alone

in the forest, not knowing what to do.

By and by he was so hungry that he forgot all about his broken leg. He limped along until he found a place where there was plenty of tender forest grass. There he stayed until his leg healed. He grew fat and happy, and all day he bellowed through the wood as though it belonged to him.

Now the king of that forest was Tawny-hide, the Lion, who ruled over all the other beasts. One morning, after a hearty breakfast, Tawny-hide went to the bank of the river to drink.

Just as he was about to lap up the water, the bellow of the bull reached

his ears. The startling sound frightened the king.

"That must be a terrible beast," said he, and off he started for his own lair without drinking a drop of water.

While he was crouching there, two Jackals saw him. Said one Jackal to the other, "Brother, what made our royal master slink away from the river when he went there to drink?"

"Why should we bother about it?" said the second Jackal. "It is bad enough to serve him and to be cuffed for our pains. Hunting for prey is our duty — let us stick to it then."

"What!" said the first Jackal. "Do you serve the king for the sake of your meals?"

"Well, what is all this talk about?" said the second Jackal.

"Only this," said the first Jackal. "The king is dreadfully frightened. I mean to take advantage of this, and make him think we have done him a great service."

So speaking, he approached the lair of King Tawny-hide. The king saw him coming and gave him permission

to draw near and speak without fear.

"Great King," said the Jackal, "you seem to be in trouble. Can a humble servant be of help to you? If so, command me."

"Listen, good Jackal," said the king. "There is some awful beast in this wood that was never seen before. Did you hear the mighty roar he gave? What a strong beast it must be to have such a great voice!"

"May it please your Majesty, I did hear the noise," said the Jackal. "But fear nothing; my brother and I will find out where the danger lies."

So saying, he sought his brother Jackal, and told him of Tawny-hide's fear. "The king does not know a

bull when he hears one bellow," laughed he. "A bull, my brother, who is afraid of you and me!"

"And why not tell him so?" said the second Jackal.

"What! and quiet his Majesty's fears?" said the first Jackal. "No, indeed! We will bring the bull to our master. He will think we have done him a great service and will reward us. He will give us plenty of meat."

"My! What a clever beast you are!" said the second Jackal.

So the two Jackals went away to find the bull. Very soon they discovered him feeding in the forest. The first Jackal approached, while the second Jackal squatted down with great dignity, at the foot of a tree.

"O Bull!" said the first Jackal, "I am the keeper of this forest, under King Tawny-hide. My brother sitting yonder is his general. He bids you come before him or instantly depart from the wood. It were better for you to obey, for his anger is terrible."

Thereupon the Bull, very much afraid, went up to the second Jackal and bowing low said, "Sir General, what do you wish me to do?"

THE JACKALS GIVE ORDERS TO THE BULL

"Bull," said the Jackal, "you can remain in the wood no longer unless you go directly and lay yourself at the feet of our royal master, King Tawny-hide."

"My Lord," said the Bull, "promise me that I shall be safe, and I will go."

"Bull," said the Jackal, "your fears are foolish. The king will not waste his anger on such as you."

So the two Jackals, keeping the Bull in the rear, went towards the lair of King Tawny-hide. When they drew near, they left the Bull some distance behind. The king received them with much joy and bade them sit down.

"Have you seen him?" asked the king.

"We have seen him, your Majesty," answered the Jackals. "He is a creature of wonderful strength and he wishes to see the great monarch Tawny-hide. Will you be seated, great King, and prepare yourself? It will never do to appear alarmed at a noise."

"Oh, if it were only a noise!" said the king.

"We will bring him before you," said the Jackals. Then they went to the place where they had left the Bull, brought him before the king and introduced him.

"Behold the Great Bull, your Majesty!" said the Jackals. "He wishes to know you and to serve you in the forest."

The Bull, sinking to his knees and bowing low, said nothing. At this the king was much pleased.

"Rise, Sir Bull!" said he. "I know we shall be great friends. You will see that my provisions are guarded well. You will also be careful that our friends here, the Jackals, do not make gluttons of themselves, as they have been doing heretofore."

"Your orders shall be obeyed, your Majesty," said the Bull.

From that time on he served King Tawny-hide well; and the king showed him favor before all others in the court.

But the two Jackals were not so happy as before. They found the

Bull very watchful, and they could no longer steal any meat.

"There is such a thing as being too wise," said the first Jackal.

"People must suffer from their own mistakes," said the second Jackal.

THE CRANE AND THE CRAB

Once upon a time a Crane lived among the reeds, near the shore of a small lake. One day as he stood in the shallows, watching for fish, some fishermen came down to the lake. Not seeing the Crane, who hid among the reeds, they began to talk.

"To-morrow," said one, "we will bring our nets with us and we will

drag the lake."

"If there are any fish here, we will catch them all," said another.

The Crane did not wait to hear any more, but flew away. "If the fishermen catch all the fish, where shall I get my food?" thought he. "I must make some plan before the fishermen come back. I do not want to seek a new feeding ground, and leave all this fine food for the fishermen."

At last he thought of a plan, and flew back to the lake. After he had made sure that the fishermen were gone, he took his stand in the shallows. His bill drooped, and he looked very much cast down.

Soon a Crab noticed him, and called

out, "Friend Crane, have you given up eating? Why do you stand there all day?"

"No, Friend Crab," said the cunning Crane, "I love my dish of fish. But I have heard the fishermen say, this very day, that they mean to capture every fish here. I am afraid that I shall starve to death. Is it any wonder that I am sad at heart?"

Now the fishes swimming near by heard all this conversation, just as the cunning Crane had planned. They scurried away to hold a council.

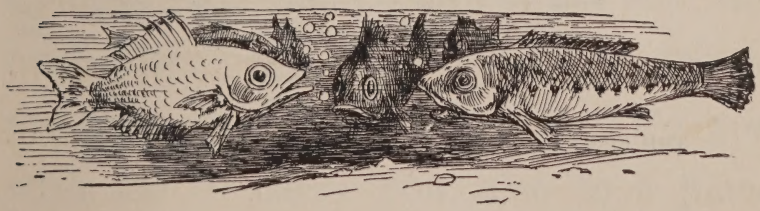
"We are in great danger," said one. "The Crane catches only one of us at a time, but these fishermen will catch us all at once."

"Let us consult the Crane," said another. "He does not want us all caught, for we furnish his food. He will tell us how to save ourselves from the fishermen." So they all swam back to where the Crane was still standing.

"Good Crane," said they, "what shall we do to escape this danger?"

"There is one way to escape the danger," said the Crane; "that is, to go elsewhere."

"But, Good Crane," said the frightened fishes, "how can we go else-



THE FISHES BEG THE CRANE TO CARRY THEM AWAY

where? We cannot fly, neither can we walk."

"Oh!" said the cunning Crane. "Leave that to me. I will carry you, one by one, to another pond."

"Good Mister Crane, do so!" said the trembling fishes.

So they allowed the Crane to take them one after another and to fly away from the lake with them. But the cunning Crane did not fly very far. No sooner was he out of sight than he ate each one.

When he had eaten all the fish, he thought he should like to eat the Crab also. So he returned to where the Crab was lying, and said, "Do you wish me to carry you also to a place

of safety?"

"I shall be very much obliged to you if you will do so, Good Friend," said the Crab. "I fear that I cannot walk a very great distance."

So the Crane took the Crab up with a great show of respect, and flew away with him.

When they arrived at the spot where the Crane had eaten all the fish, the Crab noticed the heap of fishbones lying on the ground.

"O-ho!" thought the wise Crab, "so, Mr. Cunning Crane, that is how you would carry me to a place of safety!" Quick as a flash, he twisted round and fastened his claws in the Crane's throat, before that cunning bird had a chance to drop him.

The Crane struggled to shake off the Crab, but his struggles were in vain. At last he perished on the very spot where the bones of his victims lay heaped.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the Crab, as he crawled away. "I may be slow to

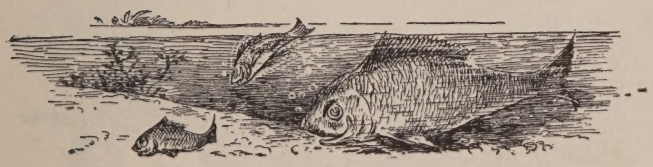
think, Mr. Crane, but I am surely swift to strike."

And that was the end of the cunning Crane.

OVER IN THE MEADOW

Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad
And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother.
"I wink," said the One;
So she winked and she blinked
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother.
"We swim," said the Two;



So they swam, and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived a mother bluebird
And her birdies three.
"Sing!" said the mother.
"We sing," said the Three;
So they sang and were glad
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived a mother muskrat
And her ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother.
"We dive," said the Four;

So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honeybee
And her honies five.
"Buzz!" said the mother.
"We buzz," said the Five;
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw!" said the mother.
"We caw," said the Six;
So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.

—Olive A. Wadsworth

JACK AND THE GIANT OF THE HUNDRED HILLS

There was a great king, who had a son named Jack.

When Jack grew to be a big boy, he told his father and his mother that he wanted to go far away, and seek his fortune.

So off he started. He walked away and away, farther than I could tell you, and twice as far as you could tell me.

One day, coming to a big wood, he met a gray-haired old man.

"Where are you going, my son?" asked the old man.

"I am going to seek my fortune," answered Jack.

"Well," said the old man, "the Giant of the Hundred Hills is looking for a servant. He wants a strong boy like you."

"Good!" said Jack. "I'll walk on till I come to his castle."

So Jack walked on and on till he came to a great castle. He knocked at the door, and a Giant came out.

"Welcome, my boy," said he. "Where are you going, and what do you wish?"

Jack replied, "I am seeking the Giant of the Hundred Hills. I have heard that he needs a servant."

"I am the one you are seeking," said the Giant, "and I do need a boy. You see, every day I have to go to fight with another Giant, on the other side of the world."

Jack asked the Giant what there was for him to do.

"Oh," said the Giant, "when I am away, I wish to have some one to look after my house. Be my faithful servant, and I will give you a bag of gold."

Jack promised to do everything that

the Giant told him. The Giant then gave him some supper and sent him to bed.

In the morning the Giant said, "I am going to the other side of the world, to fight the Giant of the Four Winds. I will tell you what I wish to have you do. You must wash the dishes and scrub the floor, but you must not go into my stable." And away he went.

Well, Jack washed the dishes and scrubbed the floors; he then went out into the yard.

"How I should like to go into that stable," thought Jack. "I wonder what is hidden there."

The more he looked at the stable,

the more he wished to go inside.

At last he said to himself, "I will take just one little peep!"

So he opened the stable door. There he saw a Horse and a Bear. There was meat before the Horse, and hay before the Bear; but neither was eating.

"Well, well," said Jack, "I'll soon settle that."

So he went into the stable, and gave the hay to the Horse, and the

meat to the Bear. Then they both began to eat.

Afterwards Jack went out and closed the stable door; but when he looked at his hand, he saw a big, black spot on it.

He washed and washed, but it wouldn't come off.

"Never mind," thought Jack, "when the Giant comes home, I'll keep my hands behind me, and he will never see the spot."

Night came and with it the Giant. "Well, Jack," said he, "how did you get along?"

"I got along very well indeed," said Jack, very much afraid.

"Jack," said the Giant, sternly, "let

me see your hands. Hold them up!"

Jack held up his hands. When the Giant saw the black marks, he was very angry, and said that Jack must die at once.

But Jack begged the Giant to give him one more chance. So the Giant put away his sword, and made Jack promise never to go into the stable again.

"I will never again go near the stable door," promised Jack.

The next morning the Giant said, "I must go away to the other side of the world, to fight the Giant of the Four Winds. You know what you have to do. But remember not to go near the stable."

"I'll remember," said Jack.

After the Giant had gone, Jack did his work; and then went out into the yard.

He looked at the stable door.

"I wonder what the Bear and the Horse are doing," he said to himself. "I wonder if the Giant gave them any breakfast. I'll just peep in."

So he opened the door and looked in. There was meat before the Horse, and hay before the Bear; and neither could eat.

"Poor things!" said Jack, "I'll soon settle that."

So he gave the hay to the Horse, and the meat to the Bear; and they both began to eat.

Just as Jack was about to go out, he looked at his hands. There were big, black spots on them.

"Dear me, when the Giant sees this, he will kill me," said Jack.

At this, the Horse began to talk. "Poor Jack," he said, "the Giant will kill you; and we shall be killed, too."

"This is dreadful," said Jack. "Is there nothing we can do?"

"There is, indeed," said the Horse.

"What is it?" asked Jack.

"Let us run away," said the Horse. "We must be far away from here when the Giant comes home. Saddle me and I will carry you away."

Soon Jack had the Horse saddled, and was about to start off, when the

Bear called out in a pleading voice.

"Take me along with you, Jack," he begged. "Don't leave me here alone."

"Very well," said Jack. "Come along." So away they went.

After a while, the Horse said, "Jack, look behind you, and tell me what you can see."

Jack looked behind him. "Oh!" said he, "I see the Giant of the Hundred Hills, coming like a raging storm."

"Well," said the Horse, "look into my left ear, and tell me what you can see."

Jack bent down and looked. "I see a little chestnut," he answered.

"Throw it over your left shoulder," said the Horse.

Jack did so; and there grew up a great forest, seven hundred miles long and seven hundred miles wide.

So on they went all that day, and all that night.

The next morning the Horse said, "Jack, look behind you, and tell me what you can see."

Jack looked. "Oh!" said he, "I see the Giant of the Hundred Hills, coming like a raging storm."

"Do you see anything strange about him?" asked the Horse.

"Yes," answered Jack, "he has bushes all over him; and I'm afraid that nothing will stop him."

"We have one more charm," said the Horse. "Look into my ear, and

RUNNING AWAY FROM THE GIANT

tell me what you can see."

Jack bent down and looked. "I see a tiny drop of water," he said.

"Take it out," said the Horse. "Throw it over your left shoulder."

Jack did so; and all at once there was behind them a great sea, seven hundred miles wide and seven hundred miles deep. When the Giant of the Hundred Hills came to the sea, he fell into it and was drowned.

And Jack and the Horse and the Bear went on until they came to Jack's house. His father and mother were delighted to see him back; and they built a house for the Horse and the Bear. But all his life Jack had the big, black spots on his hands.

THE DEER, THE CROW AND THE JACKAL

Once upon a time, in a large forest, a deer and a crow lived together in great friendship. The name of the deer was Fleet-foot. The name of the crow was Sharp-sense.

One day while Fleet-foot, the deer, was roaming through the forest, browsing on the tender leaves of the young trees, he met a jackal whose name was Small-wit.

"Ho, ho!" thought Small-wit, "If I could only get this soft meat for a meal! Perhaps I can, if I can only persuade the deer to have confidence in me." So Small-wit approached him, and bowing, said, "Good morning, Friend Fleet-foot! I trust you are in good health."

"Who are you?" asked Fleet-foot.

"I'm Small-wit, the jackal," replied the other. "I live in the woods here without any friends. But now that I have met you, I feel as if I had found a friend indeed. Will you not take me as a friend?"

"Very well," said Fleet-foot. "The sun is setting, and you must come to my house and spend the night with me."

So these two went to the home of Fleet-foot to spend the night. Now Sharp-sense, the crow, who lived in the same house with his friend, the deer, saw them approaching. When they drew near, he said, "Who is your new friend, Fleet-foot?"

"He is Small-wit, the jackal," replied Fleet-foot. "He desires our friendship."

"It is not wise to become friendly with a stranger," said Sharp-sense.

"Sir," said Small-wit, "on the first day you met Fleet-foot, you were also unknown to him. How is it then that your friendship with him grows greater daily? Fleet-foot is my friend. Can you not be my friend also?"

"Oh!" broke in Fleet-foot, "why so much talking? We'll all live together, and be friendly and happy."

"Very well," said Sharp-sense. "Let it be as you say."

So these three dwelt together happily for some time. Every morning each started early for his own feeding ground, and every evening they returned home and passed the night together.

One morning, Small-wit drew Fleet-foot aside and whispered, "O Fleet-foot, in one corner of this woods there is a field full of sweet young wheat! Come and let me show you."

They soon found the field, and Fleet-foot ate his fill of tender wheat. That night he told Sharp-sense what a good friend Small-wit was.

"Have a care," said Sharp-sense. "He may lead you into mischief; you may be sorry that you trusted him."

But every day Fleet-foot went to the field and ate the wheat, until at last the owner of the ground spied him and set a snare to catch him. This snare was made of netting, and when Fleet-foot came again, his legs

were caught in it, and he struggled vainly to free himself.

"Alas!" he exclaimed, "I am fast in the net, and if no friend comes to rescue me, I shall surely be killed by the farmer."

Presently Small-wit, who had been lurking near, came up to him, and said to himself, with a chuckle, "O-ho! My plan has succeeded. When Fleet-foot is killed by the old farmer I surely will get my share, and I shall have some excellent meals."

At sight of him Fleet-foot was over-joyed, and called out, "Ah, Friend Small-wit, you come at a good time! Do but gnaw these strings, and I shall be free."

Small-wit said nothing, but busied himself with looking very carefully at the snare.

"It will certainly hold," he muttered to himself. Then turning to Fleet-foot he said, "Good Friend, these strings as you see are made very strong, so that I cannot possibly bite them to-day. To-morrow morning, if you still desire it, I shall be happy to save you. I wish you a very good night." And he went away chuckling to himself.

That night, Sharp-sense, the crow, missed his friend and said to Small-wit, "I wonder where Fleet-foot is. I fear that he has met with trouble. Have you seen him, Small-wit?"

"Not I," said Small-wit. "He is probably feeding at a distance and will soon return."

But Sharp-sense, fearing for his friend, went to seek him, and soon discovered him fast in the net.

"How came this about, Fleet-foot?" asked he.

"This came through not taking your

advice, good Sharp-sense," answered Fleet-foot.

"Where is that rascal Small-wit?" asked Sharp-sense.

"He is waiting near by to taste my flesh," answered Fleet-foot.

"Well, I warned you," sighed Sharp-sense, "but wait until morning and I will see what I can do."

When the day broke, Sharp-sense saw the master of the field approaching with a club in his hand.

"Now, Friend Fleet-foot," said he, "make believe that you are dead. Stiffen your legs out, hold your breath in, and lie very still. I will pretend to be pecking at you with my beak. The farmer will think you

are dead. When I utter a croak, spring to your feet and escape."

Fleet-foot was very soon spied by the farmer, whose eyes opened with joy at the sight

"Aha!" said he, "this robber has saved me the trouble of killing him."

He released Fleet-foot from the snare, and turned to gather up his nets. At that instant, Sharp-sense uttered a croak, and Fleet-foot sprang up and bounded off as fast as the wind.

The surprised farmer flung his club after him. It missed Fleet-foot, but struck Small-wit, who was hiding near by. That was the end of the traitor Small-wit.

THE HOLY MAN AND THE THREE ROBBERS

A long time ago there was a holy man, who lived all alone in a little cottage, in the midst of a large forest. He spent the day in prayer and in tending the little herd of goats, which furnished him with food and with clothing.

No traveler who passed that way was ever sent off hungry; and so the holy man became known near and far.

One day while he was chopping wood, he heard a voice saying, "Will

you help a poor, weary traveler, who has lost his way and is without food or shelter?"

Looking up quickly, he was surprised to see an old man standing there.

The holy man asked no questions, but replied, "Stay here and welcome! Here is some cool goat's milk. Refresh yourself, while I go and bring a young goat for our dinner."

"Blessings on you, Holy Man!" said the traveler. "May your life be long."

The holy man started off to the place where his goats were browsing.

Now the weary traveler was a good fairy, who had taken the form of an old man, and had come to test the goodness of the holy man.

As soon as the holy man was out of sight, the good fairy touched the wood with his staff. Lo! a great pile of wood appeared, all cut into proper lengths.

Then he went on to the cottage. When he touched its walls, shelves appeared which were laden with butter, cheese and everything the holy man liked to eat.

In the meantime the holy man had reached the place where his goats were feeding. He selected a fat young kid, tied its legs together, slung it

over his shoulder and started back to his cottage.

Now there were three robbers in the forest. When they saw the holy man carrying the goat, they planned to take it from him for their own dinner. "Let us catch him and steal the goat," said one.

"That would never do," answered the second robber. "We should soon be hunted down and taken ourselves."

"I have a better plan," said the third robber. "Let us cheat him out

of his goat. I will tell you how to do it." Then he unfolded his plan to cheat the holy man.

This is what they did. They placed themselves along the path by which he was approaching. As he drew near, the first robber stepped out, and said, "Good morning, Holy Man! Why do you carry that dog on your shoulder?"

"Dog!" said the holy man. "This is not a dog. It is a goat which I am going to have for dinner."

"Goat!" laughed the robber.

The holy man passed on, wondering why the stranger had laughed. After he had gone a little distance further, the second robber stepped out into the path. "Good morning, Holy Man!" he said, bowing low. "Why do you carry that dog on your shoulder?"

The holy man did not answer. But he took the goat from his shoulder, laid it on the ground and looked at it very carefully. Then he said, "That is not a dog; it is a goat, which I am about to have for dinner."

So saying, he took the goat on his shoulder once more and continued his journey. But his mind was in a whirl, and he was very much disturbed.

Very soon the third robber stepped

"WHY DO YOU CARRY THE DOG ON YOUR SHOULDER?"

out into the path and said, "Good morning, Holy Man! Why do you carry that dog on your shoulder?"

"I must be bewitched," thought the holy man, "to think that a dog is a goat. If these three strangers say it is a dog, it must be a dog." So he threw the goat on the ground and went on his way very much worried indeed.

But no sooner was he out of sight than the three rogues made off with the goat, laughing at the trick which they had played on the holy man.

Now, while this was going on, the fairy at the cottage said to himself, "Aha! There are wicked men in this forest. I will teach them a lesson they shall not soon forget!"

And in the twinkling of an eye, he was near the robbers as they went along, laughing and gloating over the success of their trick.

Of course the robbers could not see the fairy. So while they were joking, he touched the goat with his magic staff, and immediately it became a dog.

"That is a dog you are carrying," said the two robbers to the third. Whereupon he threw it on the ground, and lo! it was a goat again.

"Are you playing a joke on me?" said the robber who had been carrying the goat. "Carry it yourselves then!" And he walked on.

The other two robbers thought that

they had made a mistake. So the first robber took up the goat. No sooner had he touched it than it became a dog.

"We are bewitched," they all cried; and away they ran, with the dog barking and snapping at their heels. They ran and they ran, until at last they were out of the forest; and you may be sure they never went back to that place again.

But the good fairy laughed. Then he touched the dog with his staff and changed it into a goat, which was whisked in an instant to the cottage.

At that moment the holy man was approaching his home, feeling very sad because he had no meat to offer his guest for dinner. As he drew near he was surprised to see a big pile of wood, neatly cut and stacked, enough to last him the whole winter. He was more surprised to see, lying on the ground, the very goat which he had thrown away.

Wondering what had become of his guest, he entered the cottage. He was amazed to see that the walls were covered with shelves, all laden with

food. Not seeing anybody there, the good man was frightened.

Then he heard a voice saying, "Do not be afraid, Holy Man! Enjoy yourself, and remember that the wicked can never harm the good."

Then the holy man rejoiced, for he knew that some good fairy had been with him. And he lived long and did good all the rest of his life, as he had done before.

In a certain country far away from here there was a great giant, who lived on the top of a high mountain.

One day this giant grew lonely in his home among the clouds. So he put on his seven-league boots, and soon he was wandering about in a lovely little valley. He picked the wild strawberries and listened to the bird songs; then, being tired, he lay down under a tree and fell asleep.

Now on this very day the king's little daughter, whose name was Lenore, came to this valley with her maidens. The giant was awakened by their voices and peeped out at

them. "Ah," said he to himself, "I will carry off this lovely child to keep me company on the lonely mountain where I live."

So he gathered together all the clouds in the sky, and flung them down into the valley. In the darkness that followed he caught up Lenore and carried her off to his own country.

The princess wept when she found herself on the top of the mountain with only an ugly old giant for company. But the giant, with his magic stick, soon created a beautiful palace for her use. The walls were covered with rich silks; the tables and chairs were adorned with jewels. The chests were filled with the most beautiful

THE GIANT SEES LENORE AND HER MAIDENS AT PLAY

dresses, which the giant assured her were all her own.

Around the palace stretched green lawns, soft as velvet; fountains played, flowers bloomed and the sun shone all day long.

The giant was very anxious that his little guest should be happy. He gave her everything she wanted, but still she wept for her home and for her companions.

"Ah," said the giant one day, "she will never be happy in this lonely place without some other children."

So that very day he journeyed to the valley, and brought back a basket of turnips, which he laid at the feet of Lenore.

"Little Princess," said he, "you shall be lonely no longer. In this basket you have all that will make you happy. Take this little wand; touch each of the turnips with it, saying at the same time the name of the person you most wish to see."

"And will the turnips really become people?" asked the princess, doubtfully.

"Try," said the giant with a smile.

Lenore took the magic wand and touched the largest turnip, saying at the same time, "Brinhild! Brinhild! I want you." Immediately there was Brinhild—the same Brinhild that she had played with all her life.

The princess was delighted, and she gave herself up to the happiness of having her friend with her. She showed Brinhild all the treasures that the giant had given her, and Brinhild declared that the palace was far finer than the king's.

"But," said Brinhild, "since you could bring me here, why not bring the whole court?"

Thereupon Lenore changed some of the turnips into her friends; one into

her cat, another into her dog. Once more she had her court about her.

She even called the fiddlers, who made such merry music that the children danced all day in the great hall. So Lenore forgot her troubles and smiled again.

But her happiness did not last long.

She soon noticed that her friends were beginning to grow old. They no longer had rosy cheeks, and they liked to sit still all day instead of dancing or running about in the garden. The cat and the dog lay in the corner; the fiddlers put aside their fiddles.

One morning when Lenore rang her bell, there came into the room not her pretty Brinhild, but an old woman on crutches. In great fright the princess fled from the room and called the giant.

"What have you done to Brinhild?" she asked angrily. "This is one of your tricks. Make my Brinhild young or I shall never speak to you again."

"Alas!" said the giant, "turnips grow old and wither; and your friends having been made of turnips must grow old, too. But do not be sad, you shall make your friends all over again."

The giant hurried to the hall, where he found Lenore's court — old, feeble and sick. He touched them with his own magic stick; and immediately they became nothing but old, withered

turnips, which he threw into a corner. Then he hastened away to get fresh turnips.

When Lenore heard the giant come back, she ran to the garden, expecting to find there a freshly filled basket of turnips. But instead there was the giant in great distress.

"Oh, Princess," said he, "I have searched the world over for turnips; but they have all been gathered and put into the cellars. Now I will plant some seed at once, and then you will have a field full of turnips all for yourself."

So the giant disguised himself as a farmer, and went down to the valley. He bought seed, and scattered it in

his finest meadow. Then, to overcome the cold of winter, he bade his servants light a great fire in the underworld. This they did, and the seed grew fast.

Lenore walked in the turnip field every day, thinking of the time when, by the aid of the little magic stick, she would be able to have her court once more.

One day as Lenore was wandering in the field, she had a sudden thought, at which she clapped her hands gleefully. She immediately pulled up a turnip, and touching it with her wand changed it into a bee.

"Oh, Little Bee," she whispered, "fly to my father; tell him that I am

in the power of the giant of the mountains; implore him to meet me in the valley three days from now, and to take me home."

The little bee nodded its head wisely and flew away. But it had not gone many yards before it was gobbled up by a robin.

Not at all discouraged, the princess pulled up another turnip and changed it into a cricket.

"Hop! Hop! Little Cricket," she cried. "Hop to my father and tell him that I am in the power of the mountain giant. Tell him that I will wait in the valley for him three days from now. Do not forget a word of what I say. Return to me with his

answer. Do not loiter on the way."

The cricket chirped to let her know that he understood, and hopped away. But he was hardly out of sight before a long-legged stork came by, and snapped him up in his beak.

The princess waited all the next day for her messenger to return. When evening came, she went again to the turnip field and this time she changed a turnip into a magpie.

"Dear Magpie," she said, "fly from tree to tree till you come to my father's palace; tell him that I am here in prison; tell him to wait for me by the side of the mountain three days from now, to carry me away from the giant."

"I will do your will, Most Sweet Princess," said the magpie. He flapped away; and Lenore watched him as far as her eyes could see.

The next day as she sat in the garden, she heard a voice calling her, and there was the magpie winging his way over the trees. He alighted

on a bush and told her his news.

"Your father, the king, bade me say that he will wait for you in the valley to-day."

Lenore clapped her hands with delight. She hastened to the turnip field, pulled up a number of turnips, and chose the finest and largest one, which she changed into a horse with saddle and bridle.

"Oh, Fairy Horse," said she, "take me to my father, who waits in the valley."

Then she sprang into the saddle, and galloped over bush and brier till she came to the valley, where the king and his soldiers waited.

On they rushed again, for they were

not yet out of the giant's domains; and they did not know when he might swoop down upon them and carry them all back to his mountain top.

In the meantime the giant had missed Lenore. He ran through all the rooms of the palace, but she was not there; he searched the garden and the shady walks.

Then, in sudden fear, he rushed to the highest point of the mountain, which commanded a view of the surrounding country. There far below him he saw his prisoner and her company just passing out of his domain.

With a cry of rage, the angry giant hurled a flash of lightning after her, but it only struck an oak tree on the

boundary line, and never reached the princess and her company.

The giant watched them for a long time and then went down to his palace, which, in a fit of rage, he leveled to the ground. Then he went deep down under the ground, and stayed there for more years than I could tell.

As for Lenore, she reached her home safely and never again ventured alone into the valley.

WONDER WHY

I

Once there was a boy who was always wondering. When he learned to talk, his first words were, "I wonder why." Everybody nicknamed him Wonder Why.

One day Wonder Why and his two older brothers started out into the world to seek their fortunes. As they were walking along, they heard a noise.

Buzz-z-z, buzzed a saw. Then *Cr-crash*, fell a tree.

"I wonder who is sawing trees," said Wonder Why.

"Listen to the wondering dunce," said the brothers. "It is none of your business."

"Business or no business," said Wonder Why, "I am going to find out."

"Then, good-by," said the brothers, "we are going to the city."

Wonder Why followed in the direction of the buzzing. By and by he reached a pine forest. What do you think he saw? A buzz-saw cutting down trees. No man held the saw, but every time a tree was touched by

the saw — *crash* fell the tree.

While the Saw was cutting the trees, Wonder Why heard it saying,

"Here am I in the forest alone,
I cut through knots as hard as stone,
For I'm a magic Saw, you see,
And I will cut the king's oak tree."

Wonder Why walked up to the Saw. "Good morning, Mr. Saw," said he. "Why should any one wish to cut the king's oak tree?"

The Saw replied,

"Three bags of gold he'll give to thee,
If ever thou cuttest the king's oak tree."

"Why has not some one cut the tree and earned the gold?" asked Wonder Why.

WONDER WHY WALKED UP TO THE SAW

The Saw answered,

"When one has tried to cut a twig
Two grow instead and twice as big.
No Saw can cut the king's oak tree
Save one of magic. So take me."

"Thank you," said Wonder Why, "I will put you into my pocket."

Then he ran on very fast and soon he reached his brothers. "It was a saw that we heard," he said to them.

"Don't let us hear anything more from you," they answered. "Who wouldn't know that it was a saw we heard?"

"But—" said Wonder Why.

"No more," said the brothers.

So Wonder Why said no more.

The brothers walked on and on. By and by they heard another strange noise. *Thump — thud; thump — thud; thump — thud.* The very ground shook.

"I wonder what is falling now?" said Wonder Why.

"That is none of your business," replied the brothers.

"I am going to find out."

"Very well, we are going to the city. It is getting late."

Wonder Why ran in the direction of the thumping. What do you think he saw? A bright pickax working away all by itself. No man held the handle. *Thump*, went the ax into a mountain of stone. *Thud*, fell a huge

rock every time the ax struck.

While the Ax was striking, it was saying,

"Here am I in the forest alone,
I dig through rock, I dig through stone,
For I'm a magic Ax, you see,
And the king's well I'll dig for thee."

Wonder Why walked up to the Ax. "Good morning, Mr. Ax," said he. "Why should any one wish to dig a well for the king?"

The Ax replied,

"If a king's daughter thou wishest to wed
Then dig a well, the king hath said."

"I wonder if you speak of the King of the Oak Tree," asked Wonder Why.

The Ax answered,

"I do, indeed, and so take me.
You'll need me after you cut the tree."

"Oh, thank you," said Wonder Why, "I will put you into my pocket." He ran on again very fast and soon he reached his brothers.

"It was an ax we heard," he said.

"Don't let us hear anything more from you," they answered. "Who wouldn't know it was an ax we heard?"

"But—" said Wonder Why.

"No more," said the brothers.

So Wonder Why said no more.

III

Again the boys trudged along together towards the city. The sun rose high in the heavens. By and by the burning heat made them very thirsty. They heard a *drip*, *drip*, *drip*.

"I wonder where the water is," said the youngest brother. He hurried in the direction of the dripping. He soon reached a clear stream. "Come on, boys," he called.

The three brothers quenched their thirst, and then they rested on the bank of the brook.

"I can yet hear that *drip*, *drip*, *drip*," said Wonder Why. "I wonder

where the brook comes from."

"Listen to the wondering dunce again," said the brothers. "We are rested, and we are going to the city."

"I am going to find where the brook comes from," said Wonder Why. So he followed in the direction of the dripping, and finally he reached a tiny fountain in a walnut shell.

Splurr — splurr, how that fountain splashed! As Wonder Why came

near, the fountain said softly,

"Here am I in the forest alone,
I drip through rocks and I drip through stone,
For I'm a magic Fountain Shell,
And I will fill the king's deep well."

"Dear me," said Wonder Why, "I wonder if you also speak of the King of the Oak Tree."

The Walnut Shell replied,

"I do, indeed, so take me, too.
You'll find no friend so tried and true."

"Oh, thank you. I will put you into my pocket, Mr. Walnut Shell." Wonder Why ran on fast to reach his brothers. When he came near enough to them, he shouted, "It was a fountain we heard."

"Oh, be quiet, wondering dunce," said they.

So Wonder Why was quiet.

IV

It was evening when at last they reached the city gates.

"Look, boys," said Wonder Why, "see the sign nailed to the tree."

"Well, what of it?" answered the brothers. They could not read. They never even wondered or cared what letters and words meant.

Wonder Why read to them the sign, which said,

"Three bags of gold await for thee
If ever thou cuttest the king's oak tree.
And if a king's daughter thou wishest to wed,
Then dig a well, the king hath said."

"O-ho," said Wonder Why to himself; and "O-ho," said the two older brothers, loudly. "Our fortune is made. What easy work!"

"I am going to try first," said the eldest.

"Wait a minute," said Wonder Why. "The work is not so easy as it seems. Here is another sign." And he read the sign to them,

"Whoever to cut the tree appears
And does not succeed — he loses his ears;
And in well-digging, if no one knows,
Then for trying — he loses his nose."

WONDER WHY READ THE SIGN

"O-ho," said the eldest brother again. "We are strong. We cannot fail. The reward is ours."

Then the boys walked into the city. They went to the king's palace and told him why they came. The king only said, "Wait until to-morrow."

V

The next day a huge saw was given to the eldest brother. In vain he tried to cut down the tree.

Every time he touched a twig
Two grew at once and twice as big.

"It cannot be done," he said, and threw down the saw.

The guards took him to prison. The next day his ears were to be cut off.

Then the second brother tried. He began at the huge roots of the tree. In vain, he also tried to cut down the tree.

Every time he touched a root
Two others from the cut would shoot.

"It cannot be done," he said, and threw down the saw.

The guards took him to prison. The next day his ears were to be cut off.

Then Wonder Why said to the king, "It is my turn now."

"Foolish Boy," said the king, "be warned by your brothers."

But Wonder Why said, "O King, did you not say that every one might try? Punish me if I fail."

Then the king consented. Wonder Why was not at all afraid. He thought of the reward, and he thought of what the Saw had told him in the forest, when it said,

"Three bags of gold he'll give to thee,
If ever thou cuttest the king's oak tree."

With a firm step he walked up to the huge oak tree. Everybody felt sorry for him. Even the king's daughter wept.

Then Wonder Why took the saw from his pocket. He whispered,

"Saw, Saw, now cut the tree
As in the wood you promised me."

Buzz-z-z, one terrific buzz; and the king's palace shook. The people felt the ground shake beneath them. *Cr-crash*, fell the tree. The people clapped their hands and shouted.

Wonder Why bowed, and said, "O King, where is the well to be dug?"

The king pointed to the spot. He did not expect the boy to succeed. Wonder Why took the ax from his pocket. He whispered,

"Dig, dig, my magic Ax,
To you the rocks are only wax."

Thump — thud; thump — thud; the well was dug. Every one was astonished.

Then the King said, "There is no water in the well."

Wonder Why leaned over the open mouth of the new well. Then he took the walnut shell from his pocket. He whispered,

"Spout, spout, O magic Shell,
And with pure water fill the well."

Drip, splurr, splash. The well was overflowing with clear water.

Everybody shouted louder than before, "Hurrah, hurrah!" Wonder Why had earned the reward.

The king said, "Take the three bags of gold. Will you wait until you are

"SPOUT, SPOUT, O MAGIC SHELL,
AND WITH PURE WATER FILL THE WELL"

old enough to wed the princess?"

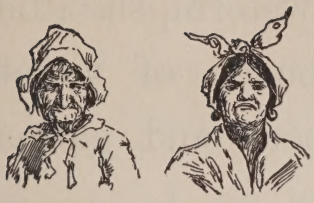
Then Wonder Why asked, "If I wait for the princess, I wonder whether you will free my brothers?"

To this the king replied, "I shall be pleased to grant your request."

The elder brothers were freed. Wonder Why said to each, "Here is a bag of gold."

This time they did not say, "Keep quiet." They were thankful to be allowed to go home. Wonder Why did not go back with them, for the king asked him to stay until he was old enough to wed the princess.

So in a few years Wonder Why married the king's daughter; and no one wondered why.



THE TWELVE MONTHS

I

It was a cold night in January and snowing, too. In a little cottage, three people were looking at the storm.

These three people were a cross old woman, her cross daughter and a pretty little girl named Katinka. The cross old woman and her daughter did not care for Katinka. They scolded her and beat her all day long. They were always trying to find some hard task for her to do.

As the woman was looking at the blinding snowstorm, she said, "Katinka, I want a bunch of violets. Go out into the woods and gather me some violets."

Katinka answered, "But violets do not grow in January."

The woman said, "Go at once. Do not answer me back."

Then Katinka wrapped her thin shawl about her shoulders and went out. "I shall never get back," she said to herself. "I shall freeze to death, it is so cold."

Then she went into the dark woods and she walked on and on. "How can I ever find any flowers in January?" she said. "The cross woman wants me to die. I am very cold."

But she kept walking on and on. By and by she reached a high hill, and she saw a bright light. "It must be a fire," she said.

As she went nearer, she saw twelve men sitting around bright, blazing logs. Then she was afraid and stopped.

The men said, "Don't be afraid little girl. We will not harm you. We are the Months."

Then three men in snow-white caps stood up. They said, "We are December, January and February."

Three men with green caps bowed and said, "We are March, April and May."

June, July and August next stood up and took off their yellow caps as they said, "We are happy to meet you, little girl."

Then the other three Months stood up, and lifting their purple caps said, "September, October and November greet you."

After introducing themselves, the twelve Months said, "What do you want, little girl? What can we do for you?"

Katinka answered, "I have been sent for violets. No one can find violets in January."

March stepped forward. "Wait a minute," he said. His fat cheeks were like a big balloon. He blew and blew until all you could hear was *oo-oo-oo.*

Then the snow disappeared. Green leaves sprang up, and all over the ground were purple violets. In a minute, March gathered a large bunch of flowers. "Take these," he said.

"Thank you, thank you," said Katinka. Then she hurried home and she forgot the cold because she was so happy. When she reached the house, she gave the violets to the cross old woman.

The woman snatched the flowers. She didn't even say, "Thank you."

THE MONTHS WERE SITTING AROUND THE FIRE

The next night the cross old woman said, "Katinka, I want some strawberries. Find me some strawberries at once."

It was a very dark night and the snow was deep, but Katinka obediently went into the woods. She walked on and on as she did the night before. By and by she saw a bright light shining on the hilltop.

"It is the fire of the Months," she said. "Maybe they will help me again."

When she came to the hill, she climbed and climbed and at last she reached the top. The Months were sitting around the fire.

"Here comes the pretty little girl,"

they said. "What can we do for you to-night?"

"Oh, kind Months," said Katinka, "I have been sent for strawberries. How can I find strawberries when snow is on the ground?"

"Wait a minute," said June as he stepped forward. He took off his golden cap and waved it three times. Then he smiled such a bright smile that night and winter passed away; in a minute it was summer time. The ground was covered with strawberries.

Then June said, "Here is a basket of leaves. I will pick all the strawberries you want."

Then Katinka said, "Thank you, kind June."

Before long, she had reached home with the beautiful basket. "Here are the strawberries," she said.

The old woman snatched them and never even said, "Thank you."

III

The third night the cross old woman said, "I want some red apples. Bring me some red apples, Katinka."

So the poor little girl was again sent out into the dark woods. "It is colder than ever," thought Katinka. "I wish I could find the fire of the Months."

Again she walked on and on as she had done the two nights before. By and by she came to the high hill.

"Yes," she said, "the bright fire still burns. I will climb up the hill."

She climbed and climbed. The hill seemed longer to-night. By and by she reached the top. Then she saw the Months.

They said, "It is too bad that a little girl must come out on such a cold night. What can we do for you?"

"You are very kind," said Katinka. "If you had not helped me, the old woman would have killed me."

"What does she want to-night?" asked the Months.

"She has sent me for red apples," answered Katinka, "but one does not find red apples in January."

"Wait a minute," said a voice.

Then September came forward. His purple cap was covered with a

SEPTEMBER THREW HIS WREATH INTO THE AIR

wreath of bright autumn leaves. He threw the wreath into the air. In a minute each leaf seemed to change into a million. The snow had disappeared. On the ground were leaves of every color. Fruits of every kind were scattered about, also.

"Oh, it is Autumn," said Katinka. "I smell the grapes and, oh, what beautiful red apples!"

"Take all you like," said September.

"Thank you," said Katinka, "I will take two apples — one for the woman and one for her daughter."

Then Katinka hurried home. "Here are the red apples," she said.

The old woman snatched them away and never even said, "Thank you."

The next night the cross old woman and her daughter asked, "Katinka, where did you find the violets and the strawberries and the apples?"

Katinka told them all about her visits to the Months. The daughter was greedy and selfish. She said, "I will go out myself. Then I can get all I want."

So she put on her fur cloak and went out. She walked on and on. Finally she reached the high hill; then she climbed and climbed until she reached the top. There she saw the twelve Months.

"What do you want?" they asked.

"That is none of your business,"

she answered, speaking very rudely.

"Then you must not stay on our land," said the Months, angrily.

In a minute she was lifted from her feet by the March wind. "Go away," he said, "and never come back again. Remember, I say, never come back again."

Then she was blown away and never came back again.

When the daughter did not come home, the cross old woman said, "I will search for her." She too went out into the woods, and she walked on and on until by and by she reached the high hill. Then she climbed and climbed; at last she reached the top. The twelve Months were sitting around

the fire as she drew near.

"What do you want here?" they asked.

"None of your business," said she, answering as rudely as her daughter had spoken.

"Then you must not stay on our land," said the Months, angrily. And like her daughter, the old woman was lifted from her feet by the March wind.

"Go away," he said, "and never come back again."

So she was blown away, too; and

the old woman and her daughter never went back to the cottage.

Katinka lived there all by herself. She was very good to all the people around her. They all loved her. The Months were always kind to Katinka. Every year each Month brought a gift.

Sometimes Katinka opened the door and said, "It is the month of roses."

Again she would say, "The grapes have come."

It would take too long to tell of the many gifts she received.

16.

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